The total value of the merchandise received from foreign and domestic ports from November 21, 1849, to September 30, 1850, was four million, one hundred and fifty-five thousand, two hundred and fifty-seven dollars and seventy-five cents.

The amount of gold shipped during 1850, is supposed to be forty-two millions of dollars. There are now eleven steamers regularly traversing the Pacific, in addition to five others in the Panama and Oregon trade.

There are also forty-seven steamers engaged on the river trade, and two hundred and seventy other craft of various kinds, navigating the river and bay."

Yet to a great extent San Francisco is a theatre of crime. Gambling houses and hell-shops are there also erected and supported. The sons of mammon and the devotees of crime, find equally a welcomed reception among the dark characters that congregate there. The city police are obliged to use every means in their power to preserve order, and to detect and bring to punishment those co-workers of the Devil.

October 30.—On the 18th of this month the steamer Oregon arrived, bringing the intelligence of the admission of California into the Union. With her banners waving, and with booming guns, she was received by the citizens with loud acclamations and thanks to the United Sisterhood, in behalf of their own dear State.

Preparations were immediately put in operation for celebrating its birthday. Accordingly, to-day the exhibition took place. All the fire companies, arrayed in their characteristic dress, with their respective engines; the Odd Fellows, and the Encampment, with their regalia; two whole companies of circus performers on their white steeds—all joined in celebrating the jubilee of state. In addition to these, was a procession of little girls and boys; the former dressed in white, and the latter with white pants and black coats.

These little blossoms of posterity were drawn by eight white horses, in a wagon prepared for the occasion, and followed in their train by a large number of citizens.

At noon I left my work to go to dinner, but found the streets so crowded and impassable, that I gave it up and went back. A sight more noble, more majestic and grand, never met my eyes. In the afternoon addresses were delivered, and in the evening a Celebration Ball formed the climax. This week a few cases of cholera occurred in town.
November 18.—This morning I concluded to return home on the South America, which was to leave next day. Winslow and Byron, of Kalamasoo, were in the city, waiting to take passage on the same boat. The cholera, that dreadful scourge, was raging in its most frightful form. It walked publicly in the streets. It lay its withering hand upon the youthful and the gay, the merry and the sad, the aged and the infirm. It sought the recluse—it seized the profligate. It entered the plebian home, and the stately mansion. It visited the widow’s cot, and the orphan’s mammon. Indeed, the pall of death seemed to shroud the entire city, and to reflect its gloom upon the grave forms that moved in mute silence through its streets.

On the eve of the 3d ult., the steamer Saginaw, bound for Stockton, exploded at the wharf, killing and wounding some seventy persons.

November 23.—For these four days we had not been able to go to sea on account of high wind. Two cases of the cholera occurred this week in my boarding house; and yesterday I saw two men on the wharf fall victims to its blighting curse.

Every day had made fresh additions to the number of passengers, until the ship became laden to overflowing; and all seemed intensely anxious to leave this scene of death, to enter upon the untried scenes of Ocean—upon the bosom of the restless waters.

Yesterday about noon our vessel was towed out into the harbor, clear of the shipping, and cast her anchor. To-night, between four and five o’clock, at full tide, the pilot came on board, and the gigantic vessel spread her sails. Soon we were moving out the harbor, the proud ship flapping her wings as if in her glory. And now as we are entering the dark blue ocean, as twilight begins to dim the sky, the sight is beautiful, magnificent, and grand. The gallant ship is plowing the deep, curving before her bow the phosphorescent wave, and leaving in her wake a stream of light glittering far back in the extended trail, “like the tail of a comet lined on the blue heavens.” The little crested billows, tipped with the sheen of fading light, break and sail down to mingle in the common depth. The castellated peaks of clouds, rising horizontally one above another, with intervening strata of the deep blue back-ground, are tinged with every hue of color and dun of twilight. Some gleam with the reflected rays of the setting sun; some are shaded by the projecting peaks of others; and some lower in the east as.

carrying in their secret chambers the thundering artillery of the tempest.

As I was standing on deck, beholding and admiring these beauties of ocean and sky, I turned to take a parting look at the receding city. Indeed, it was already fast sinking behind the blue surges, in the dim, dim distance.

Its spires and towers, pointing with seeming veneration to high heaven, were the last objects to receive the farewell gaze of the departing voyager.

It was twelve o’clock when I retired to my berth, from the new and wondrous scenes which had held my gaze, attracted and enchanted my mind, and led me to contemplate these wonderful displays of created nature. The wind was rushing forth from its haunts of repose, and Neptune’s kingdom was in a state of enraged agitation. The sun was stealing into the cabin when I awoke, and the dead waves, foaming as they broke, were lashing against the sides of the vessel. I began to feel a little of the nausea, and endeavored to get rid of it in every possible way; but the rocking boat compelled me to cast up my accounts. Yet I was not alone, for nearly all the boys on board were spewing about, giving gagging salutes for each other’s welfare.

It was a perfect calm. Not a breath of air struck the sails, which seemed to hang as if wilted from faintness. All day we lay at the mercy of the dead surges that rolled in ceaseless discontent.

On the fourth day out we hailed a ship from Liverpool, bound for San Francisco. She was a noble craft—a heartless rover of the deep.

December 5.—Our ship had been standing on her course without any incident of particular interest occurring. For two or three days during the time, a dead calm had kept us from making any advance. The ocean is now smooth and unruffled, and not a ripple peeps above its marble surface. The silver gleam that spreads over it—the effulgence that bespangles it, reflects a twinkling light on the tarry sides of the idle ship, as she quietly sleeps on the soft bosom of the lovely deep.

Some of the passengers were sick; one of whom was near being initiated into the secrets of death. Hard bread and meat for breakfast, meat and hard bread for dinner, and hardly any thing for supper, made up our regimen. Flees were my bed-fellows, which seemed very unwilling that I should sleep. They appeared to be
very fond of me and my company, and delighted to get close by my side; and whenever they were crowded, or thought themselves slighted, not being able to communicate with a foreigner, would just wink to me with their teeth, which indeed would make me wink and give way. Could I have made the little gents to have understood that their presence was disagreeable, rather than pleasing, I should have escaped much annoyance from that source. But our language was diverse; our signs of communicating unintelligible to each; and our manner of expressing a dislike undiscernable; so that we had no access to each other's feelings or desires. Therefore, endurance on my part was necessary, when

“Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumbers chains had bound me,”
I felt the cursed creatures bite,
As scores were crawling round me.

Whales were seen every few days, the huge backs of which were only discernable; sometimes, however, the greater part of them was exposed in the trough between the waves. A few days since a couple came near the ship, which afforded us a fair sight of them. We very frequently saw large schools of porpoises, which most generally would follow us for some considerable distance. Their average weight is from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds. Their meat is a rare esculent, and every way flavored like poek. A swarthy fish one day came along side, which we tried to catch, but could not make it out. This fish is thin and broad, whith a sharp back, and runs very fast.

December 19.—To-day one of our number, a man by the name of Shields, of Howard county, Missouri, died of the diarrhea. In the afternoon “all hands were piped” to consign his mortal remains to the deep. A plank was placed in the leeward gangway, like an inclined plane. The sails were furled, and the unconscious sleeper, sewed in a sheet with some one hundred pounds of sand at his feet, was placed on this bier, and launched into the insatiable bosom of the eternal ocean. No chaplain conducted the services. In breathless silence the solemn plunge was heard, which spoke louder than the tones of ordinance, as the dead man was sinking deeper and deeper into his watery, lonely, unfrequented grave. No tombstone may be planted at his feet as a monument to his memory! No green grass may adorn his grave! No flower, from a sod wet with the tear of sister, or brother, or parents, or companion, may bloom o'er his head. But the dark, the dreary, the friendless deep is his now, his ever, his abiding home, until he shall wake on the morn of the general resurrection.

In the evening another, by the name of Joy, of Cass county, Michigan, fell asleep in the cold embrace of death. He died of the quinsy, and, also, was launched into the blue sea.

The little stock of provisions remaining was a particular object of disgust to the passengers. Nearly every thing had failed except some sour meal, a little mouldy flour, and hard bread seasoned with worms. While eating this bread, the seasoning would crawl out on my fingers, and fall upon the table or into my lap, and skip about joyful of their escape. The fear of a premature death by starvation only induced me to swallow these squirming maggots. The water that we drank tasted and looked considerably like rain-water, after it had been in a barrel exposed to the sun a month.

There had been much excitement for a few days past among the passengers concerning the course of the ship, whether to Realtojo or Panama. There were some two or three men on board for Realtojo; and the captain said that, if they would contribute money to pay their passage back to Realtojo, he would run into Panama first. But the passengers would consent to no such plan; however, the Captain directed his course by Realtojo, knowing, undoubtedly too well that, if he entered that port, he would be obliged to make a recuit of provisions, which would incur a greater expense upon him.

December 29.—This morning the sky was clear and deeply blue. The sea was equally calm and unrippled, and zephyr lulled in ids sleep. The sun came peeping up from the ocean, flushed, as it were, with the fires of wrath. Silence seemed to pervade the hemispherical world, and the ship's crew sat on deck, gazing on ocean and sky, as if ominous of some danger. About 2 o'clock P. M., the heavens began to lower, and clouds appeared in the western horizon. I could see in the face of the Captain an expression of deep thought, as he looked upon the flying canvas now waving in the fresh breeze, and glanced at his hardy crew awaiting their orders, and beheld with eager eye the threatening clouds already looming up from the dark west, darting to and fro like battalions in battle, sped on by the commanding voices of thunder and the flashing gleams of lightning, and accompanied by the raging winds of Zeus. "All hands to reef topsails, ahoy!" he shouted, and soon the vessel was bounding in the wild storm. The sea rolled up her mountain waves—the lightning
A few days ago we discovered two sails in the offing; one of which appeared to be making its way to the north, and the other to the south.

January 5.—On the 2d there was a great excitement on board. The carpet-bag of a young man had been cut open and eight hundred dollars taken out. Every man was immediately searched. A man by the name of Crab was suspected, and placed under the examination of a jury of twelve men, of whom I was one; and to-day a verdict of guilty was brought in against the prisoner, and he was put in chains and placed in the hold. The passengers, however, thinking it out of reason to confine the man bound in shackles, when there was no possible way of escape from the boat, demanded of the Captain that he should be let loose while at sea. Accordingly, he was released, and when the vessel came to her mooring in Panama Bay, he was set free by paying five hundred dollars, reserving only fifty dollars, as he said to go back to the mines again.

On the afternoon of the 3d we fell in with a coasting brig from off the shore, loaded with sugar, fowls, bananas, oranges, &c., &c. Our ship laid to, and we got some sugar, bananas, and a few fowls.

"Land ho!" sounded through the ship, as I was musing on deck this afternoon, thinking what pleasure or enjoyment there could be connected with a sailor's life. The sound sent a thrill of joy through me. I turned my eyes to windward, and indistinctly saw, in the distance, a dark belt, like land, stretching out into the terminus of ocean.

Oh land, once more I greet thee—
Thy bosom is my home;
Those olden days, spent on thy soil,
Are dreamed of as I roam.
There's nothing on earth so lovely
To a sailor, as thy strand;
Where, from a voyage long and drear,
He grasps the kindred hand.
Yet, however much, 'mid ocean!
Thou canst boast above thy shore;
I'll seek my own, my native land,
And go to sea no more.

For several days there had been a brisk breeze from shore, which prevented us from making but little advance; and that only by